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Title: Waves Crash

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Waves crash against
the shore,

Spray flies up, no
pattern and no form.

Can we impose order on
the spray?

Can we force it into
columns, into rows?

Nature is,

For Nature knows.

And like the spray, how
can we see

Our right it be to bind
the
soul?

So like the spray,

Forged by all that it has
known.

Indeed how can we
presume, or dare,

To place in iron shackles
this golden thing?

To tear with swords

We call the "Law" at it's
gossamer wings?

Nature knew that this
was not
How it was meant to be.

But we are blind, have

gone astray,

And must return to
watch
the sea.